

VALIANT.



AUG NO. 2

\$2.50

SERIAL
NUMBER
CONTEST!
DETAILS INSIDE

TUROK

DINOSAUR HUNTER



LIZARDS OF THE NIGHT!

COLOMBIA,
SOUTH
AMERICA,
1987.

WE SHOULD BE
DEAD...ALL OF US!

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Writer
BART SEARS
Breakdowns
BART SEARS
& BERNARD CHANG
Finished Pencils
RANDY ELLIOTT
Inker
JORGE GONZÁLEZ
Colorist
BOB LAYTON
Editor-In-Chief



I WAS BORN
A HUNDRED
YEARS AGO.

THESE
MONSTERS,
VAST AGES
BEFORE
THAT!



THOUGH WE
ALL CAME TO
THIS ERA THE
SAME WAY.

THROUGH THE MAD
SCIENCE OF THE
WOMAN CALLED
MOTHERGOD!



TOO BAD I USED
THE LAST OF
THE ELECTRIC
ARROWS SHE
PROVIDED FOR ME.

THE LOCAL
POISON I
COAT THESE
WOODEN
SHAFTS WITH
IS GOOD--



--BUT KILLS
SLOWLY.



TOO OFTEN, I'M
FORCED TO RELY ON
MUSCLE AND STEEL.



MON-ARK WILL
SSSMILE UPON USSS,
TROK, WHEN WE BRING
HIM YOUR GORE--
SSSLICK PIECES!

THE ONLY
THING YOU'LL
BRING TO YOUR
MASTER,
COLD BLOOD--

--IS THE CHORE
OF REPLACING
INCOMPETENT
FOLLOWERS!



MOTHERGOD'S GREATEST
ABOMINATION, GIVING THESE
BRUTES NEAR-HUMAN
INTELLIGENCE!

AND MON-ARK IS
THE WORST OF--



MY
BLADE--!

SWHNGFE



YOU HURT
ME, WARRIOR!
FOR THAT--

YOUR PAIN WILL BE
ASSSTOUNDING!



WANT MY BLOOD,
'RAPTOR' I'LL
TRADE IT...

FOR
YOURS!



HHSSRRKK



EH?



THE POISON
ATTACKED WITH
THE SWIFTNES
OF A SNAIL...BUT IN
THE END, DID ITS
WORK WELL.



THE HUNT WILL
CONTINUE.

UNTIL MON-ARK
LIES DEAD.

OR UNTIL
I DO.

SUNSET, THE HILLS
ABOVE MEDELLIN.

THE COMPOUND
OF DRUG LORD,
CARLOS
COMACHO.

I'M TIRED OF
EXCUSES!

THIS HAS BEEN
GOING ON FOR MONTHS,
OUR SHIPMENTS TO THE
COAST ARE BEING
DECIMATED--

--PRODUCT
SCATTERED TO THE WIND
WHILE COURIERS ARE
SLAUGHTERED...AND
EATEN.

IT
HAS TO
END!

COLONEL
ALVERADO, I
PAY YOU FOR
PROTECTION!

MY
SOLDIERS
ARE ADEPT
AT FIGHTING
BANDITS,
SEÑOR
COMACHO,
NOT...
DEMONS.

THERE IS AN INDIAN
I HAVE HEARD OF,
JEFE. HE LIVES IN
THE JUNGLE, SOME
SAY HE MAKES IT HIS
BUSINESS TO HUNT
THESE CREATURES.

FIND HIM.

WHERE
IS IT?

A FIRELIT CLEARING,
HOURS LATER.



I THINK
WE'VE
FOUND
HIM.



QUIETLY,
ERNESTO.



FROM
WHAT I HEAR,
HE'S RATHER
PRIMITIVE.



AND WE
WOULDN'T
WANT TO--



--STARTLE
HIM?

DIOS! HE
WAS RIGHT
THERE--!



AND NOW
I'M HERE!

DROP THE
WEAPON--OR
YOUR WOMAN
DIES FIRST!



I'M NOT *HIS* WOMAN--OR ANYONES.

LOWER YOUR RIFLE, ERNESTO.

BUT IF YOU'RE CALLED "TUROK"--



--I'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU. I'M MARIA CORTEZ, WITH THE PALEONTOLOGY DEPARTMENT OF BOGATA UNIVERSITY.

AND I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU FOR WEEKS.



RUMORS HAVE SPREAD ABOUT CARCASSES OF EXTRAORDINARY LIZARDS FOUND ROTTING IN THE JUNGLE.

WE SUSPECT THEY MAY BE THE REMAINS OF ANIMALS LEFT OVER FROM THE DINOSAUR AGE.



AND...?

RUMORS ALSO SAY YOU HUNT SUCH ANIMALS. I WANT YOU TO HUNT ONE FOR ME--

--AND BRING IT BACK ALIVE! IF WE STUDY IT, WE MAY FIND A WAY TO PROPAGATE THIS LOST SPECIES!



YOU WANT TO MAKE MORE OF THEM?

WHY, YES! IT WOULD BE THE SCIENTIFIC BREAKTHROUGH OF--



GO AWAY.

MORNING.

HOME? NOT
EVEN CLOSE.

I HAVEN'T HAD A TRUE HOME
SINCE THE LOST LAND
DISPERSED THROUGH TIME.

I THOUGHT I MIGHT
HAVE FOUND A PLACE
WITH SERITA AND HER
TRIBE, BUT NEVER MIND.

THIS TRADING POST SERVES WHAT
FEW NEEDS I HAVE. I CAN BARTER
FOR PROVISIONS AND WHISKEY HERE,
AND FIND HUMAN CONTACT.

MAN TO
SEE YOU.

IT SEEMS I'M
BECOMING KNOWN.

BACK
ROOM.

THAT COULD BE...
DANGEROUS.

HOLA,
TUROK!

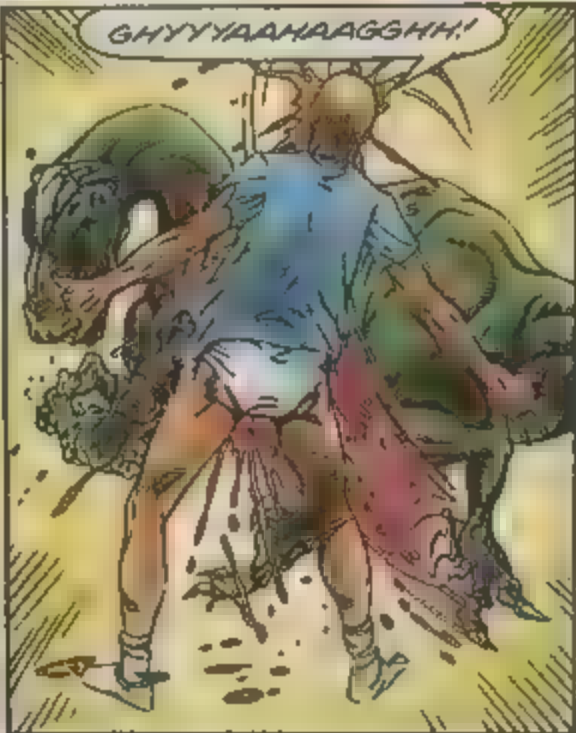
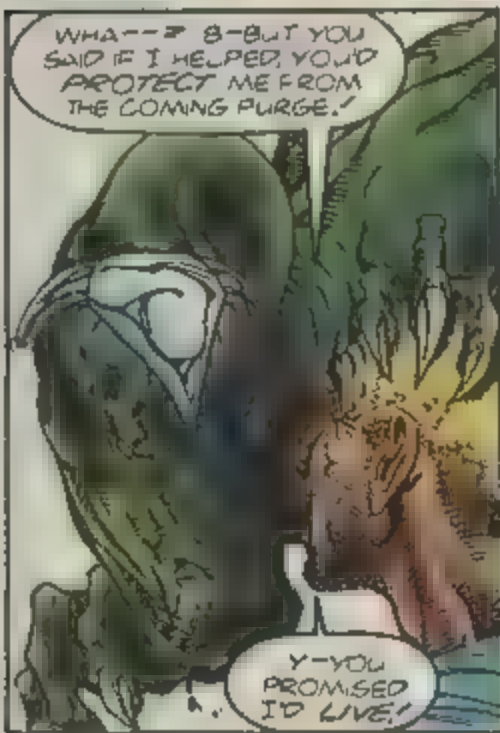
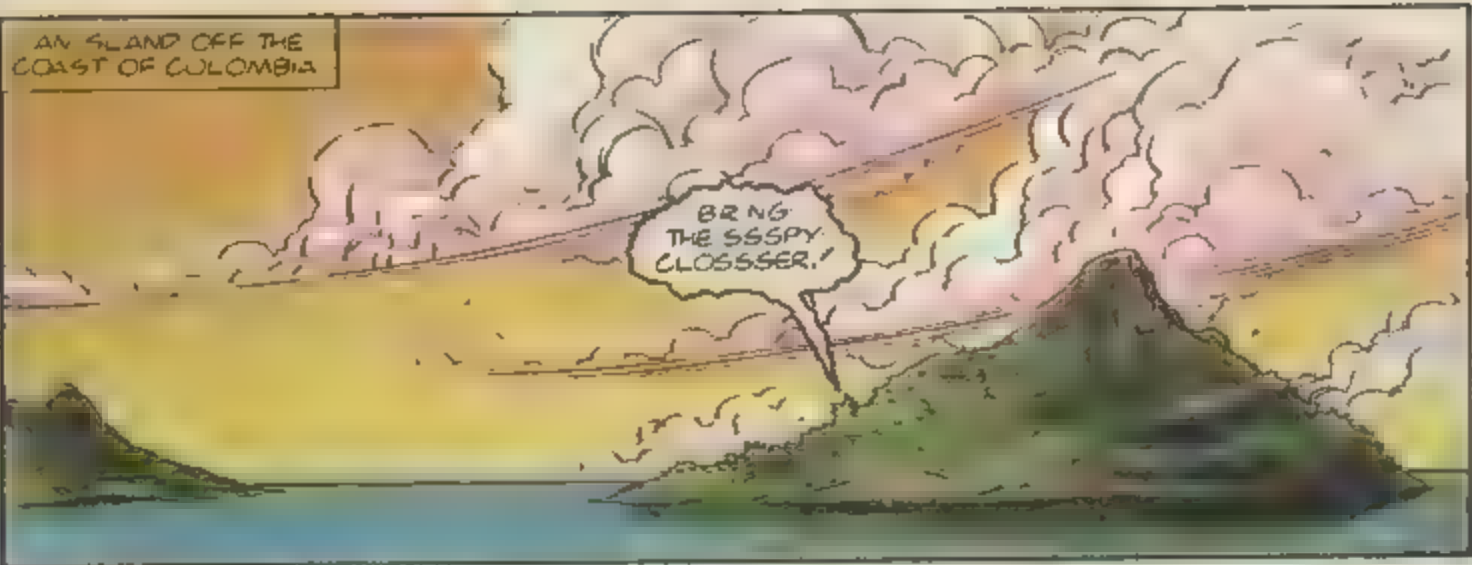
WHAT.

MY "EARS" IN THE JUNGLE
TOLD ME YOU COME HERE
SOMETIMES, SEÑOR TUROK.

PLEASE, SIT, I HAVE A
PROPOSITION TO MAKE.

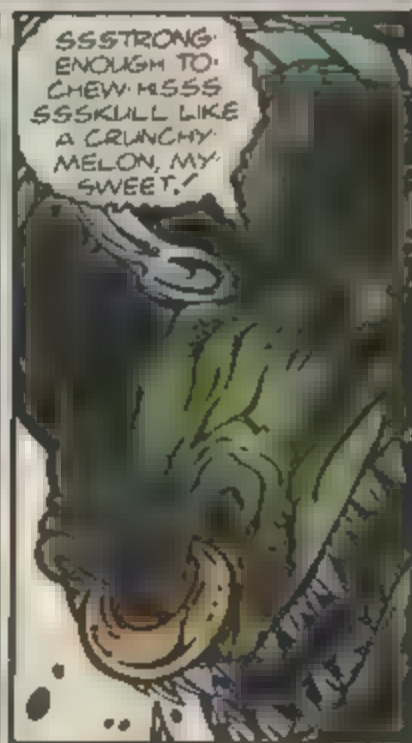


AN ISLAND OFF THE
COAST OF COLOMBIA



VICTORY
ISSS NEAR!

THE SSSOLE OBSSSTACLE
TO OUR ELIMINATION OF THE
HUMAN RACE TO MAKING
THISSS WORLD OUR OWN,
ISSS THE ONE CALLED T'ROK!
AND IN A MATTER OF HOURSSS,
HE WILL NO LONGER
SSSTAND IN OUR WAY!



MOTHERGOD'S
WEAPONS WERE
PLEASING TO THE
EYE IN TUNE WITH
THE SPIRIT

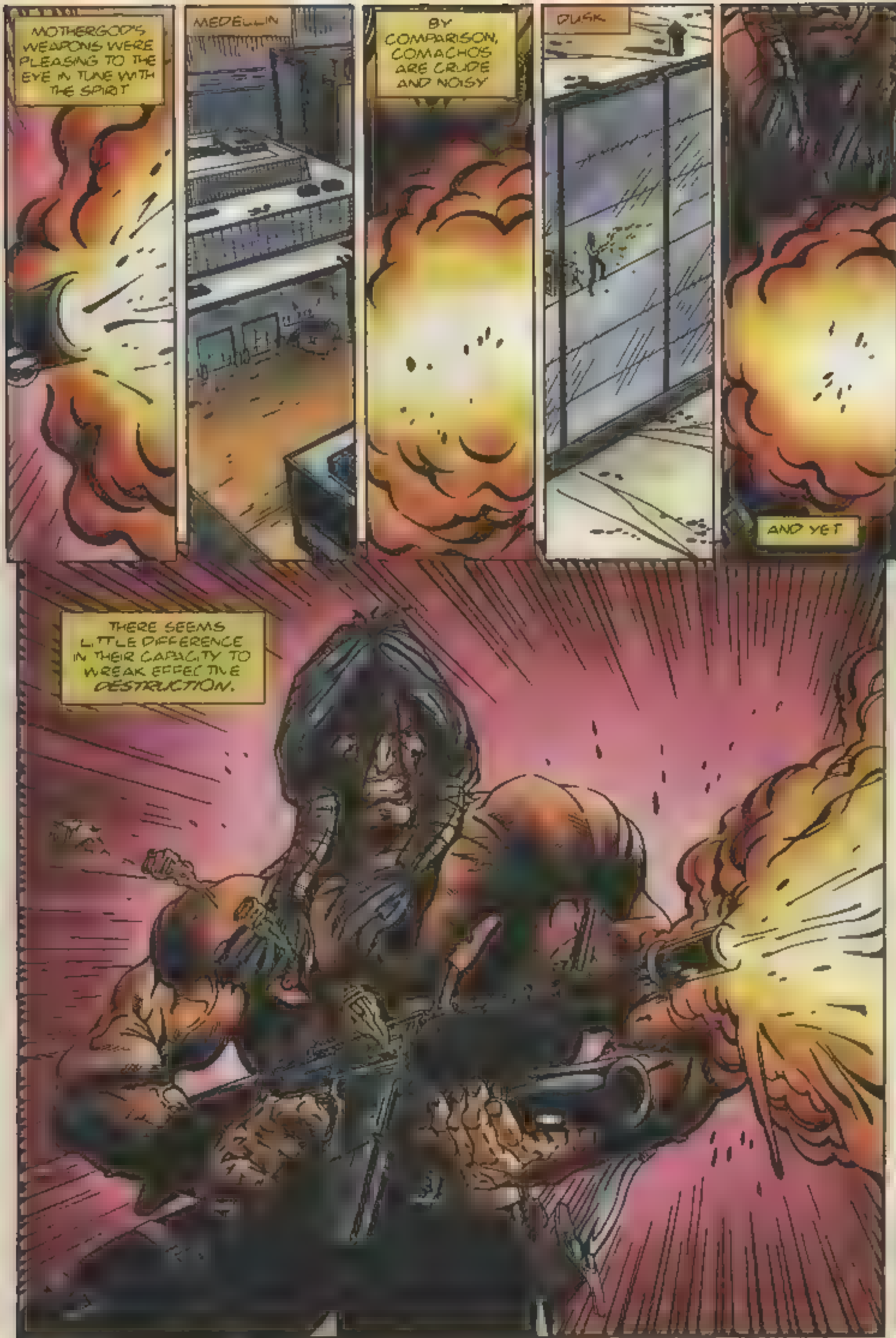
MEDELLIN

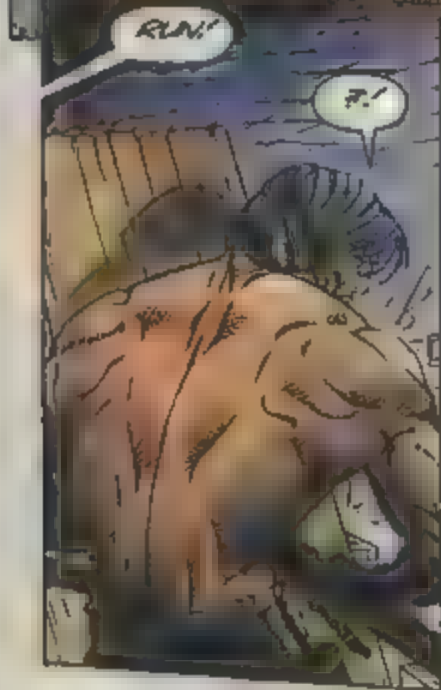
BY
COMPARISON,
COMACHOS
ARE CRUDE
AND NOISY

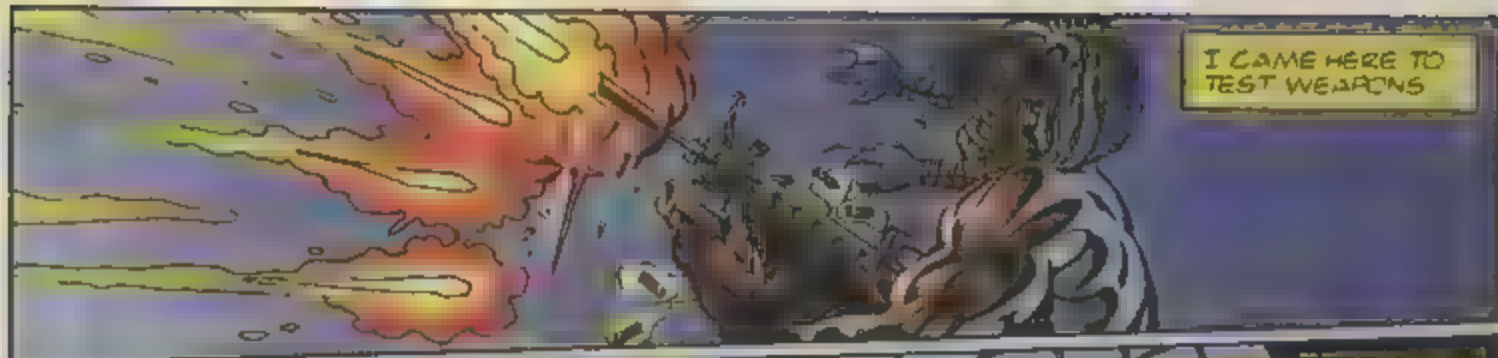
DUSK

AND YET

THERE SEEMS
LITTLE DIFFERENCE
IN THEIR CAPACITY TO
WREAK EFFECTIVE
DESTRUCTION.







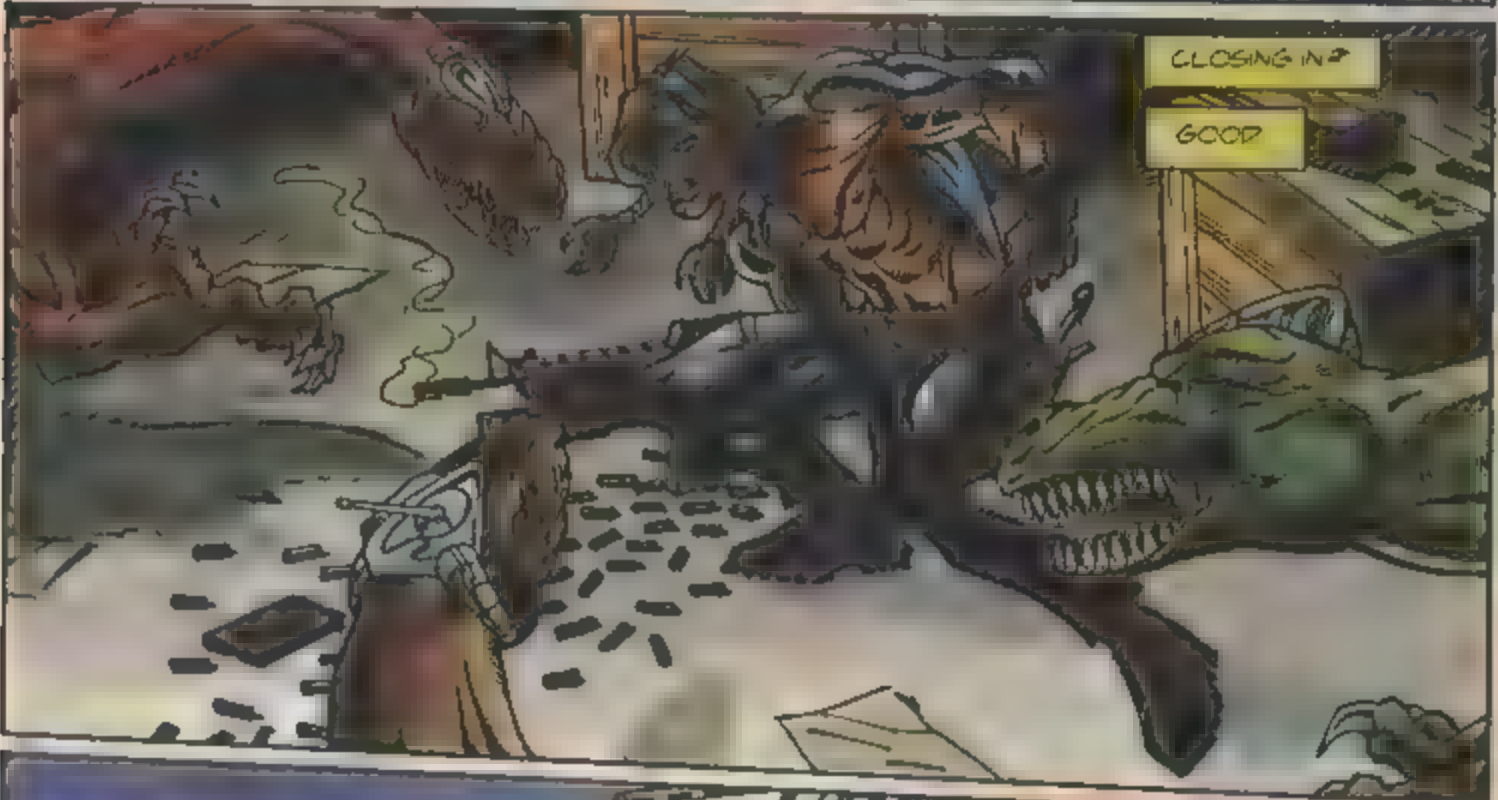
I CAME HERE TO
TEST WEAPONS



BUT NOT
AGAINST TARGETS
SO FEROCIOUS.



OR NUMEROUS!



CLOSING IN?

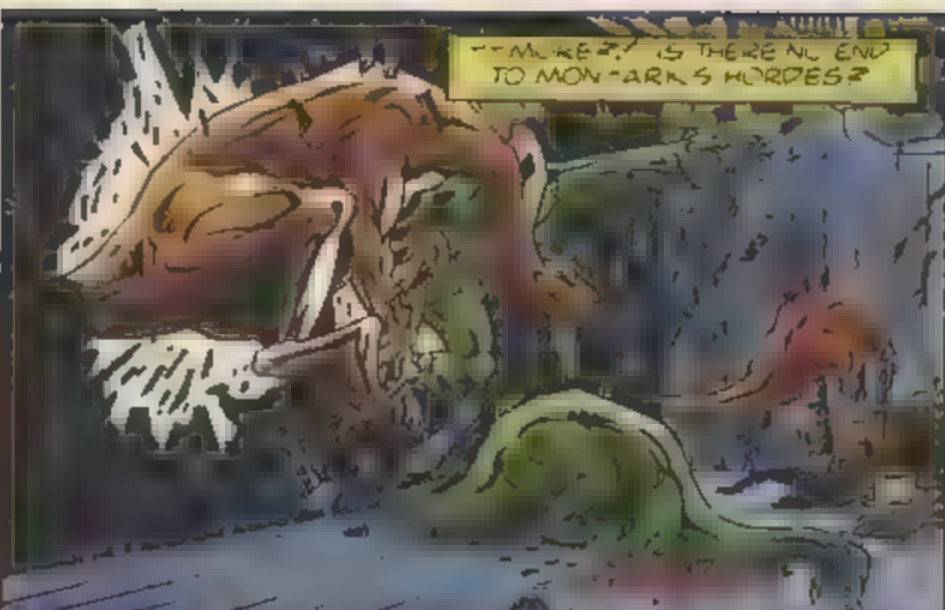
GOOD



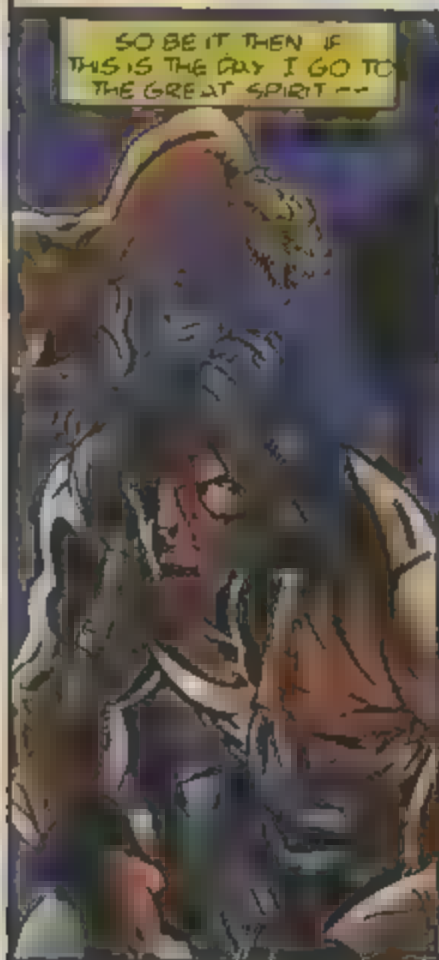
A CHILD
WOULDN'T MISS AT
THIS DISTANCE.



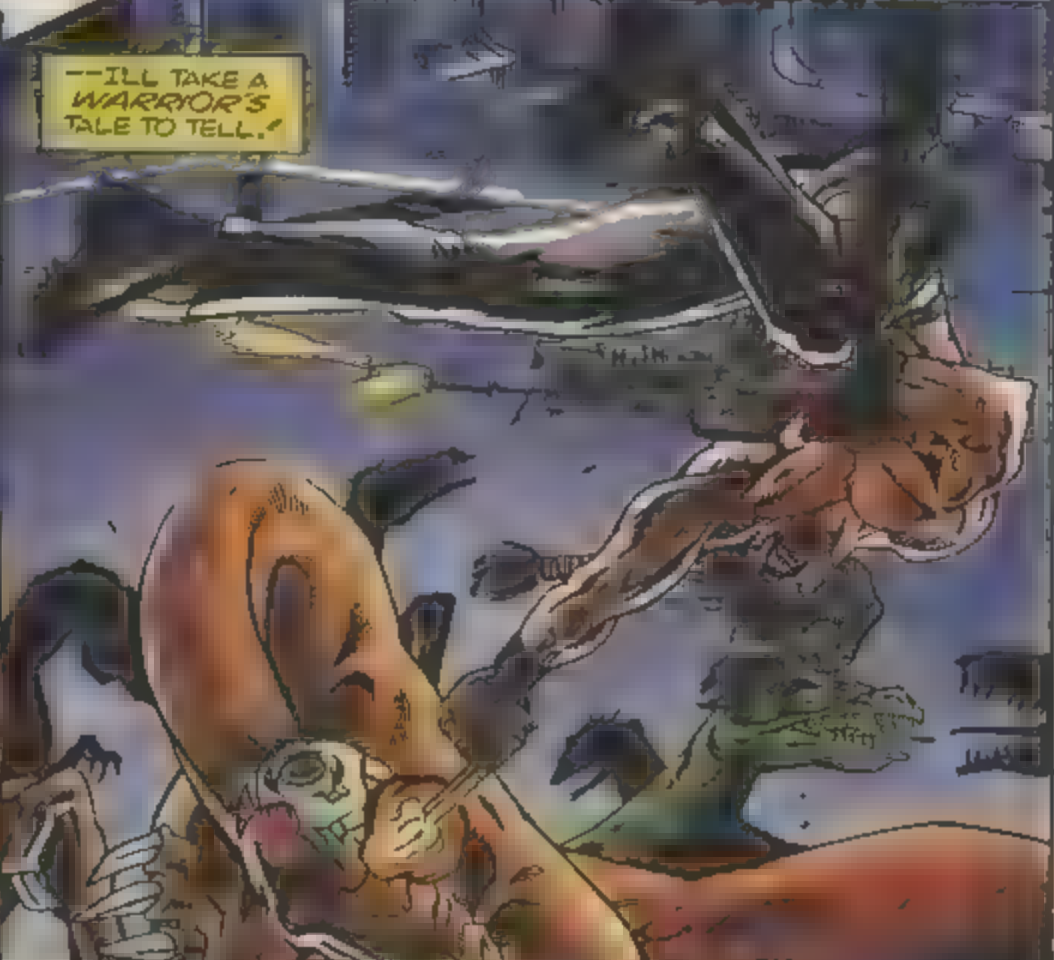
ONLY A FEW
LEFT I MAY
YET SURVIVE--



--MURDER! IS THERE NO END
TO MON-ARK'S HORDES?



SO BE IT THEN IF
THIS IS THE DAY I GO TO
THE GREAT SPIRIT --

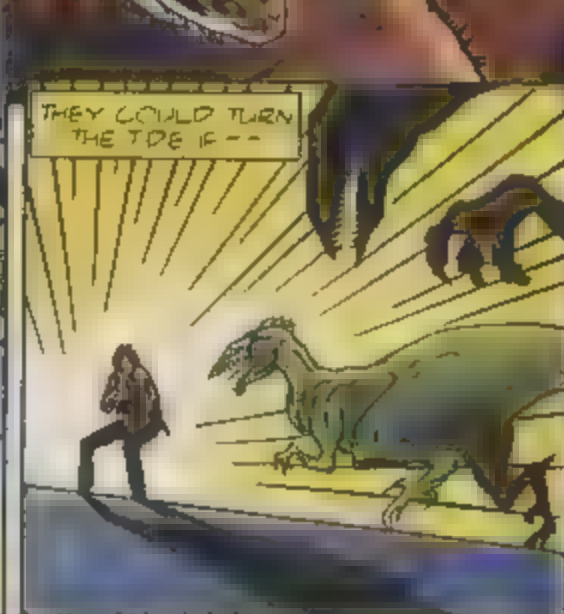


--ILL TAKE A
WARRIOR'S
TALE TO TELL!

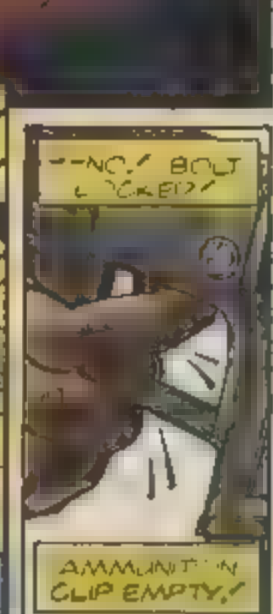


CARAMBA!

MADRE
DULCE--!



THEY COULD TURN
THE TIDE IF --



--NO! BOLT
LOCKED!

AMMUNITION
CLIP EMPTY!

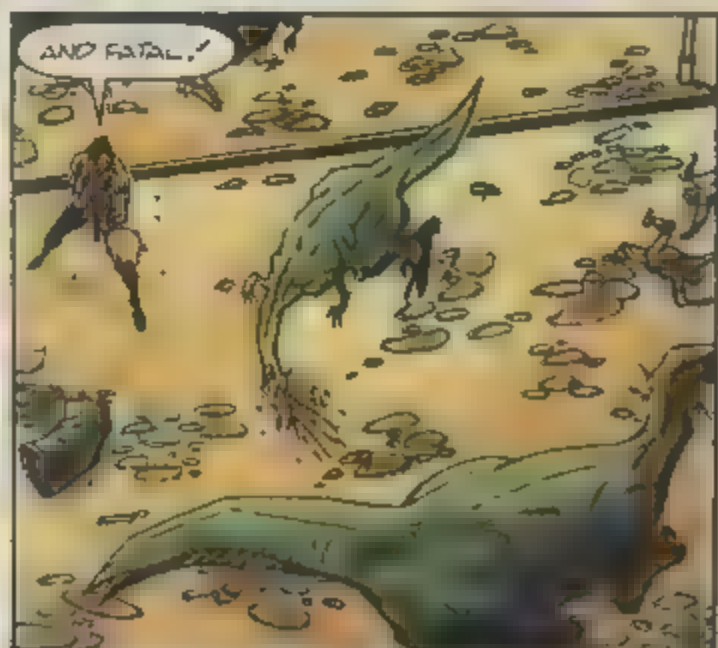
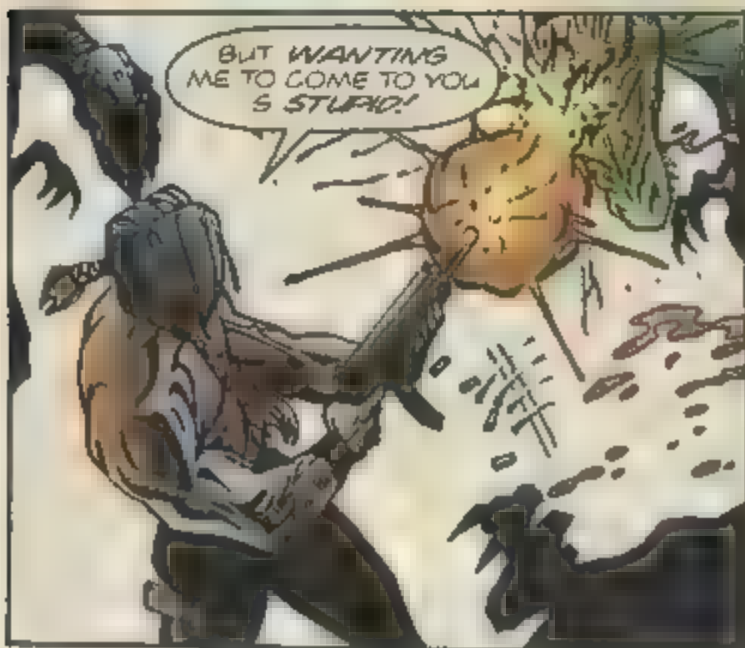
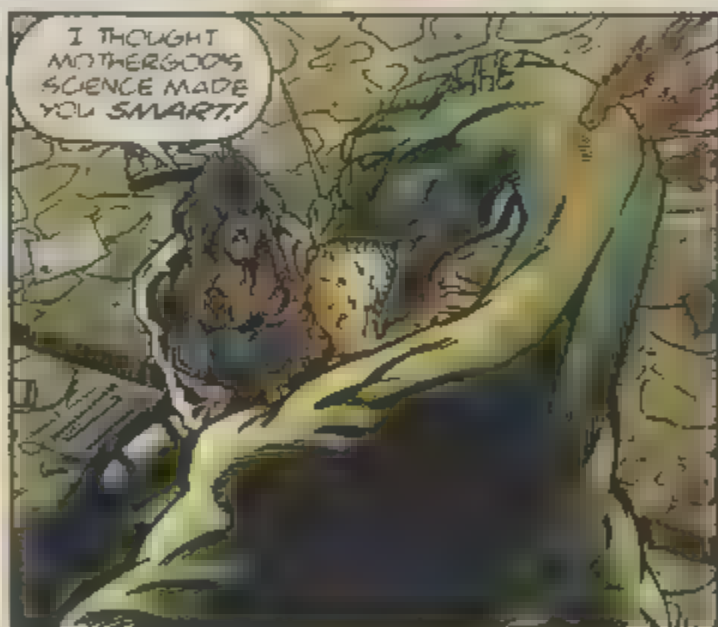
COMANCHOS
MEN!

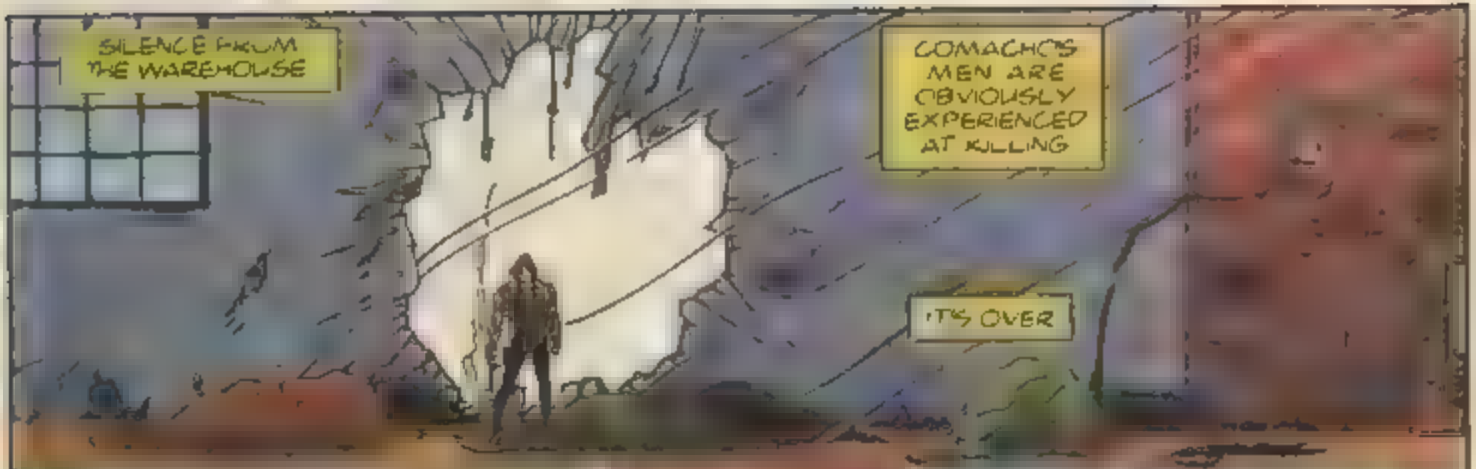
HAVE TO
IMPROVE,

BUT THE RIFLE MAKES A
POOR SPEAR, PENETRATION
BLOCKED BY THE LOWER
BARREL OF THE--

--GRENADE
LAUNCHER?







SILENCE FROM
THE WAREHOUSE

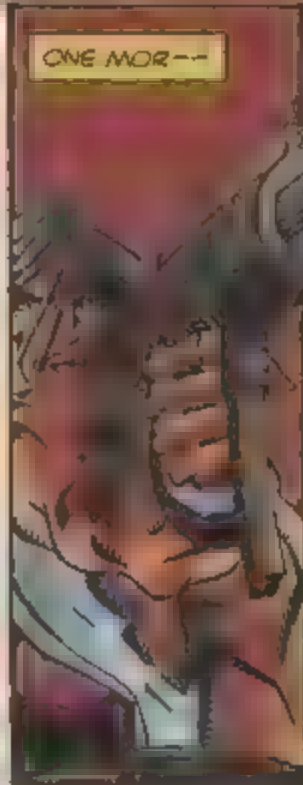
COMACHO'S
MEN ARE
OBVIOUSLY
EXPERIENCED
AT KILLING

IT'S OVER



NO!

MOVEMENT
FROM BEHIND!



ONE MOR--



--AAIEEE!



THAT
NOSE
RING!

MCH-ARK'S
MATE!

FASTER,
MORE AGILE
THAN THE
OTHERS!



AND SECOND ONLY
TO MCH-ARK HIMSELF
IN FEROCITY --

--AND
HATRED
FOR ME!



BUT IS
HER HATRED
STRONGER



THAN
STEEL?



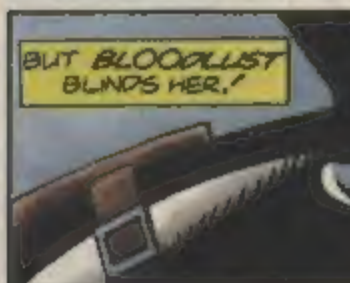
HA,
THE PIPE
HOLDS!



HER
JAWS CAN'T
CLOSE!

SHE COULD
PULL BACK,
STRIKE FROM
ANOTHER
ANGLE--

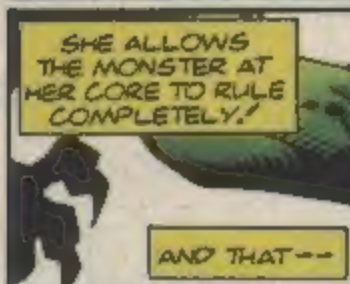
--PROBABLY
TAKE MY HEAD!



BUT BLOODLUST
BLINDS HER!



OVERRIDES
EVEN THE ARTIFICIAL
WISDOM MOTHERGOD
INSTILLED!



SHE ALLOWS
THE MONSTER AT
HER CORE TO RULE
COMPLETELY!



AND THAT--



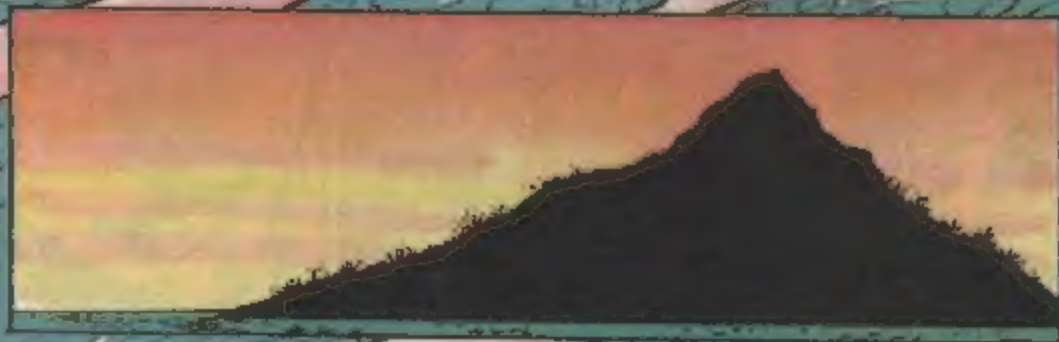
--IS HER
RUIN!



THE ISLAND,
AS DAWN ARRIVES.

MON-ARK!

WE...BRING
NEWS...FROM THE
MANLAND!



GRRRAARRRRRRRR

A TRADING POST IN
THE COLOMBIAN JUNGLE
DAYS LATER.



TUROK!

EVEN YOU
KNOW TO FIND ME
HERE, CORTEZ?
THE WORLD GROWS
TOO SMALL.

RUDE AS EVER,
I SEE. THAT'S WHY
I CAME TO TELL
YOU I DON'T NEED
YOU ANYMORE.

GOOD.



THE CREATURES KILLED IN
MEDELLIN LAST WEEK WERE
QUICKLY DISPOSED OF BY THE
GOVERNMENT, TO AVOID "PANIC".



BUT BEFORE IT WAS
DESTROYED, MY TEAM WAS
ALLOWED TO EXAMINE THE
ONE YOU BEHEADED.
AND WE FOUND SOMETHING
RATHER...INTERESTING.



TESTS ON TISSUE AND
FLUID SAMPLES PROVE
BEYOND A DOUBT
THAT THE REPTILE HAD
RECENTLY PRODUCED
AN EGG BROOD!

WHICH MEANS,
MR. HIGH-AND-MIGHTY
TUROK, THAT WHETHER
YOU WANT THEM TO
OR NOT --



--THE DINOSAURS
ARE MULTIPLYING!



TUROK

DINOSAUR HUNTER

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Dear Valiant,

Before I read Turok #1, I closely inspected the cover art. Not only was the art excellent, but the chromium cover enhanced it remarkably.

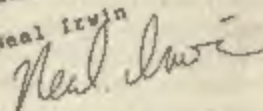
However, I did notice one problem. Turok is shown gripping the arrow between his finger and thumb. This is not how one uses a bow. When using a bow, one must hook his fingers around the bow string, and the arrow will rest between the fingers.

I found the same problem in the interior art, as well as on the cover of Archer & Armstrong #2. In the interior of Archer & Armstrong #2, Turok is shown using his bow correctly. The only other Turok appearance that I know of, Magnus #12, did not have any clear pictures of Turok using his bow.

I have read Valiant since X-O Manowar #1 and have always found your stories and art superior. I hope that the information I have supplied will be helpful to your great enterprise.

Sincerely,

Neal Irvin



Dear Neal,

You're right about the mistake, but wrong about the order; Turok is using a "pinch draw" in issue #1, the method common to Native Americans. The other method you describe is used by most modern archers, but evolved in Europe.

Thanks, we're glad you enjoy the books!

Kevin VanHook
Editor

VALIANT



SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:

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